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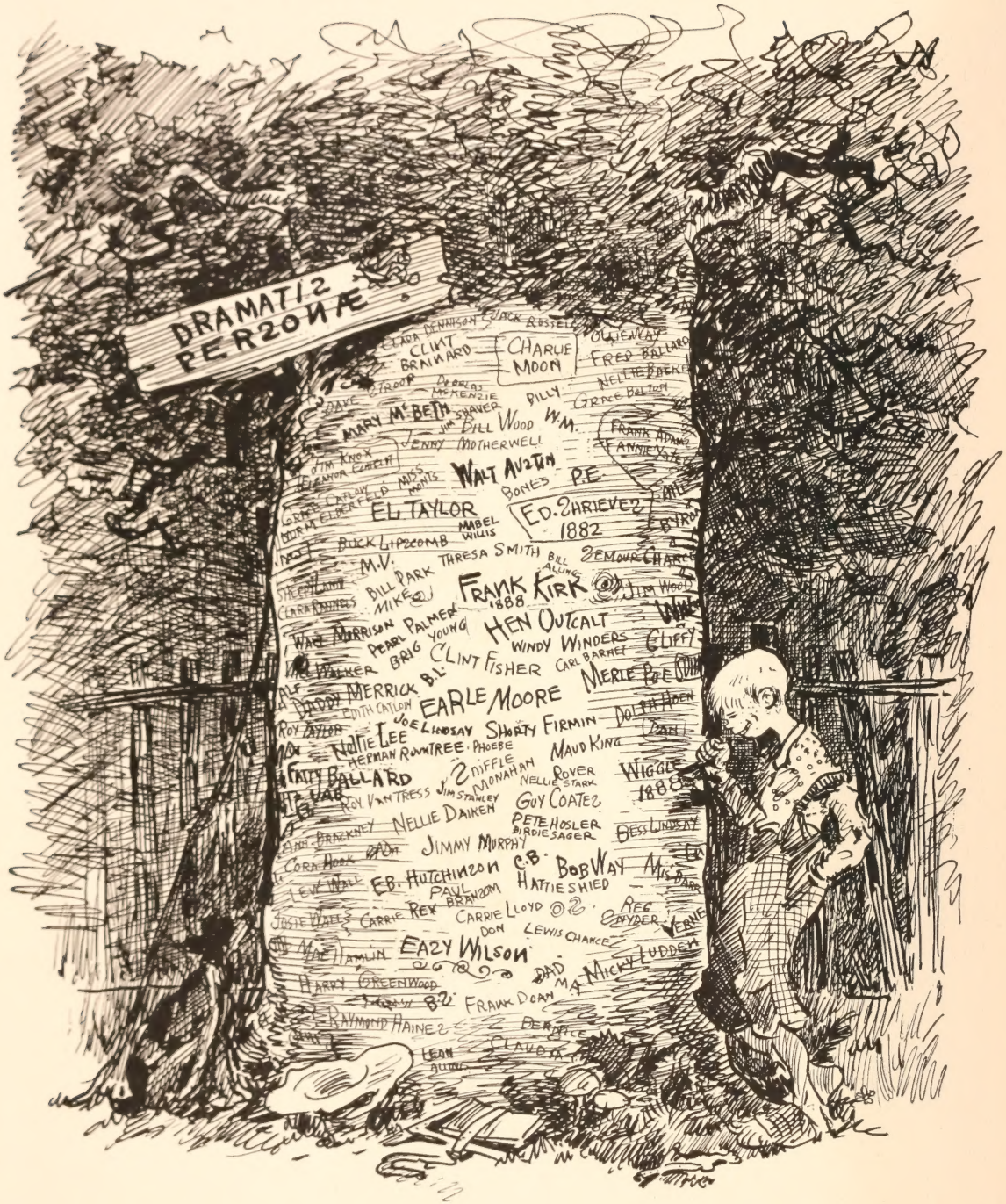

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ
CLINT BRAINARD
CHARLIE MOON
FRED BALLARD
MARY McBETH
BILL WOOD
W.M.
WALT AUSTIN
P.E.
ED. SHRIEVES
1882
EL TAYLOR
FRANK KIRK
1888
HEN OUTCALT
CLINT FISHER
EARLE MOORE
NOTTIE LEE
FATTY BALLARD
SHORTY FIRMIN
MAUD KING
WIGGLE
1888
GUY COATES
NELLIE DAINEN
JIMMY MURPHY
E.B. HUTCHINSON
BOB WAY
C.B.
HATTIE SHIELD
CARRIE REX
CARRIE LLOYD
EAZY WILSON
FRANK DEAN
MICKEY LUDDEN
RAYMOND HAINES

School Days

By
Clare
Victor
Dwiggins

HARPER & BROTHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
1919

NC
1429
D96s

SCHOOL DAYS

Copyright 1919, by Harper & Brothers
Printed in the United States of America
Published July, 1919

G-T

I tell ya what less do— less go out to Ole Cline's water wheel. Gosh, there's a lot o big suckers in that crick — we kin build a fire —
Gottny salt ?
Wandering Wishbones
DWIG
3-29

894731

Whatcha tryin to do, ketch a bird?
Jevver hear about that feller down in Georgia that got rich jiss by tendin' to his own durn business?
Three faces east
4-17

What's the bell fir ?
What's up?
Mis' Way, she told me. You tie a bell roun his neck an then turn him loose down the cellar an he runs roun the house tryin to git away from the bell an just natcherly scares all the other rats away.
Im a gonna rent him out
Twont work. They aint nuthin into it. I've saw it done an it didnt do no good. You gotta poison em.
The rat is no good. What'll you take for him ?
Gosh! You bleeve anything anybody tells you !
TINKLE
TINKLE TINKLE
DWIG
130

The belled rat

Oh boy! A horseshoe! Say! Now we kin do anything we want to today an' not git licked fir it!
Gosh! I dont know what to do first, hardly! Bleeve I'll start by playin' hooky — will you? Youre with me so youre in on the luck!
Faith

He looks right smart like your uncle —
Is THAT so? Which uncle do you mean? The one your father stole the horse from?
Damon & Pythias

Yell louder - I cant hear you !
Gosh, you look like you's gonna fall pruhe over!
Air ships

Um-m.
Gosh this is my second mug Gosh! aint it good.
Leave some, now, for the other little pigs.
SALT
Buttermilk
1-4

they're bitin' fine down at the ole sycamore —
Ed Shrieves caught a goggle eye seven inches long last Sunday —
How many worms you got, Joe?
The home guard
4-16

That there's my cousin Roy Ballard. Them striped pants he's got on's his brother Fred's, but Roy gits up first, sometimes, an' puts 'em on an' wears em to town. Onct he was ridin' Earl Moore's bicycle when he had em on an took a header an' tore em on the knees. That's why he settin down with his hands on his knees - Onct me an him shaved one o' their pigs with his pa's razor an knicked it, the razor - an we hid it under a board. You'd ought'a hear him laff onct! Gosh, he's strong!
LUCILE
"Turn over"
The hall of fame

The celebrated
tree that Old
Skinflint Hingebuck
hung hisself on

How's business, Freck? Pickin' up money easy?
Ho ho! Did j'ever git left?
Ouch!
Ketch it, Freck! Ketch it! Its jumpt away from you!
DVIG 2-4
The hot lead dollar

1-31
DWG
Undressin' in the dark

Say! Lookit that arrer-head! Aint that a dandy one! That's the slickest one I ever found! Black flint, too!
That aint so durnd perfect - I've found perfecter ones. What'll ya take fir it? Give you my yellow trolibite-
Oh boy! Durnd if you aint found my favrite arrow-head! I lost her the time I killed that big black bear! Gimme 'er - She's mine! Gosh, but I'm glad you found her -
Gee — Haw — HAW!
DWIG

The arrow head

I got it! I got it! I tell ya I got a hold on it! Leggo of it — I kin throw'er over my head —
In the pigs eye you've got it! You aint no sich of a thing! What's a-matter of you —
Sure, he's got it —
The Cincinnaty Reds was to bat, an' the Clintons — ole Charlie Hildebrant was pitchin an ole Paddy Richardson was ketchin — gosh! he never used no mit — an ole Frank Doan was a-settin on his foot out in center, an ole Turner Darnell was shortin behind third, an they's a man on first an a man on third an two outs an the Red soaked a cannon ball foul ten foot up an ten foot out o' third an ole Turner jiss natcherlly shot out like a blacksnake after a dragonfly, reached out with his right hook an pulled er down! Gosh blame! you'd a-ought-a seen that there crowd! Boy!
Say! George Coulter! Dont git so durnd fresh
Play ball!
DWig
4-14

Hoo hoo! Hey Hen! Come on! We're cuttin' our 'nitials on a turtle!
Gosh! Looky there! Them there nishuls wuz carved in 1874! I betcha he's swum acrost the oshun!
Fir gosh sakes, Ea, dont let 'im git you by the finger, he wont let go till it thunders an it dont thunder in the winter time
It dont hurt him. Its just like trimmin yir finger nails or shoein a horse's foot - Betcha he's over a hunder-a years old, nearly -
H.D.
Dwig

The oldest living autograph album

2-15

Asia is bounded on the north
by bounded on the north by
the on the Asia is on the Bounded
by the Asia is on the north by
the Bounded by the north
on the Asia is on
the Asia by the
Bounded by
the north
on-the- Asia
by — the — on
north — Asia —
on —
Moo-oo oo u
Honey Bee time —
4-13
DVIG

Hey Wiggle! Come on over! Bud Runyon's givin' us the whoopin' cough so's we wont have to go to school!
Ar-r-raugh! hoo-oo-o-op! Ar-raugh-augh-hoo-oo-oop!
Gosh! I want to cough already!
D'rig
4-23

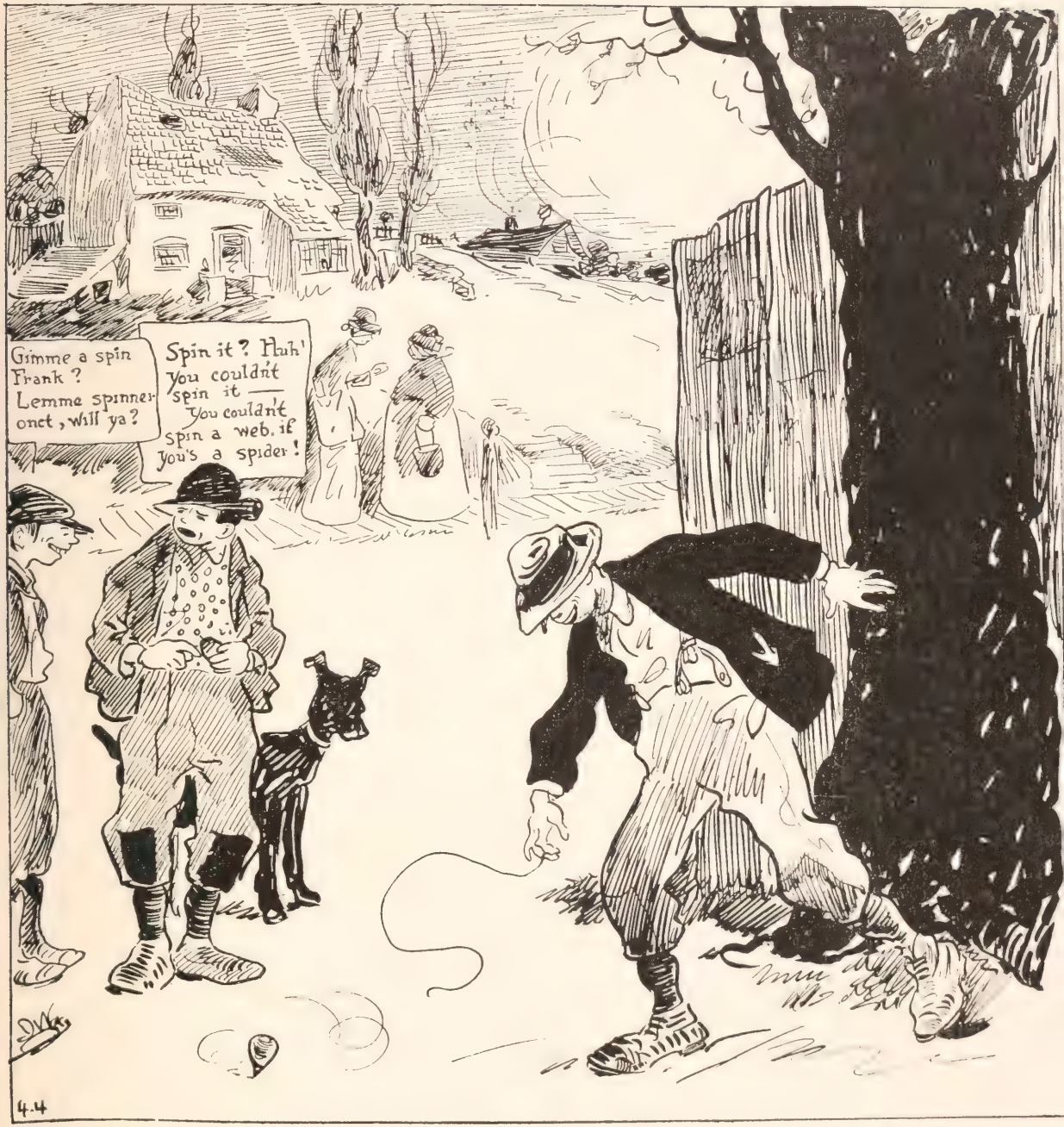
The good Samaritan

Aw, it dont work! Gosh, my sister tried it last Mayday an' look at her! She's a hunderd times freckleder'n ever! They's nothin' into it!
Hey Eb! Come on! Look at the ninnies tryin' to wash their freckles off in the dew!
Lookout Jim. There's a big patch o poison ivy right where you are —
Well, it only costs a thousan dollars to try it —
DWIGG

In the beauty parlor

Well, I guess we better be movin' on to school—
The pawns—
3-31

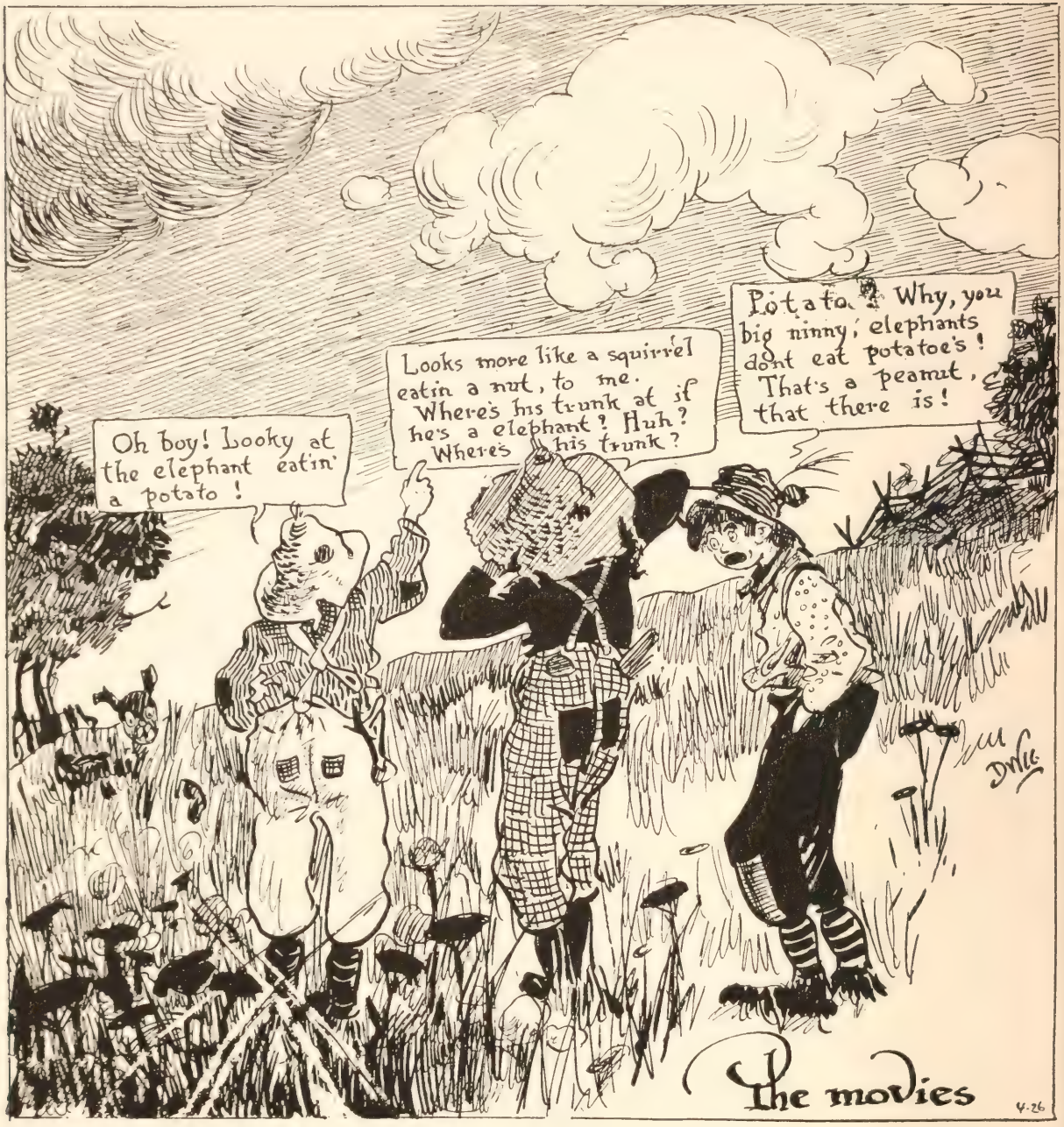
Am 'f I'm alive.
Goin?
17
ROBBINS BROS GIGANTIC CIRCUS
APR 17
APR 17
ROBBINS BROS MAMMOTH 4 RING CIRCUS
APR 17
17
4-7
The house beautiful


Gimme a spin Frank ? Lemme spinner onct, will ya ?
Spin it ? Huh! You couldn't spin it — You couldn't spin a web, if you's a spider!

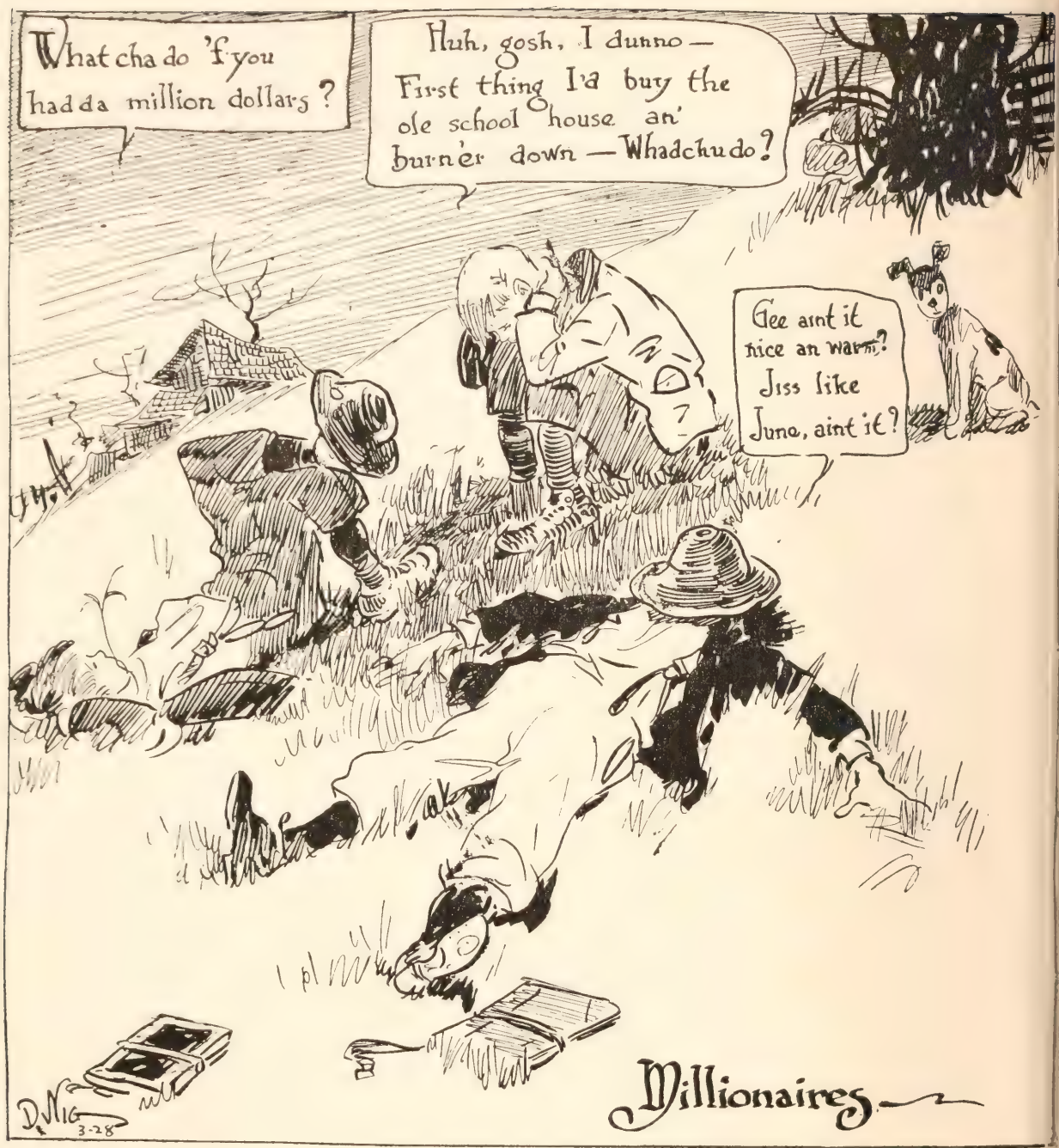
No Nellie, I cant do it. Id like to let you paint a little bit but my maw's awful particular to have this done in just a certain way an' of course a girl couldnt do it.
If it was just a plain kitchen chair, why, I might let you paint some on it, but this is one of our best settin room chairs.
Better stand back cause I might accidentally splash some paint on yir dress
They haint a thing I know of bettern plain gasolene. Kills em every time.
I cant understand— Its the strangest thing
5-17
The way of a man with a maid

Oh fiddlesticks! You make me tired! Stand up there now, and behave yourself!
A body'd think you was being murdered! Quit your yelling—
I'll lam you with this towel in a minute!
I have to rinse the soap off of you, dont I? Stand up, now!
DWG
4.5

A April shower


Oh boy! Looky at the elephant eatin' a potato!
Looks more like a squirrel eatin a nut, to me. Where's his trunk at if he's a elephant? Huh? Where's his trunk?
Potato? Why, you big ninny, elephants dont eat potatoe's! That's a peanut, that there is!
DrLe
The movies
4-26

The dust screen


What cha do 'f you had da million dollars?
Huh, gosh, I dunno — First thing I'a buy the ole school house an' burn'er down — Whadchu do?
Gee aint it nice an warm? Jiss like June, aint it?
Millionaires
D. Nig 3-28

Was it very cold, Tom? Honest, was it so awful cold?
I'a go in in a minnit only I'm jist gittin' over bein' sick with the earache in my ear
Not me!
N-n-n-naw! It w-w-wasn't hardly a b-b-bit c-c-cold! I'm g-g-goin' in ag-gin in a l-little while
The Pathfinder
46

Gosh ain't it great?
You bet! I'm feelin'in right agin it!
Spring has been dining on garlic yum-yums.
3-8
DUKE

Resolve
To do
Right
Honeysuckle and sweet locust—
D Wigg
7-13

The balloon

3-5

The fountain of youth

Gosh, Youre a ninny if you go an cure them there warts! Thems the worst I ever see — specially that big boy! I'd never cure em 'ftheys mine!
Theres sebenty one, countin that big triple seeder as three — But I'm kindo tired of em —
Youre just mad cause you haint got none to cure.
Twont cure em if theyre toadwarts - Toadsblood an milkweed milk's the only thing'll cure toadwarts — Course if theyre only plain warts it might do a little good — But not much —
DWG 5.24
Spunkwater

Take another bite — Go on - twont sting near so bad. The first taste sorta numbs yir tongue so's you dont hardly feel it the next bite — It gits good —
Jevver eat any ?
Yeah. Gosh, it nearly kills you. Go on, take a bite.
Indian turnip
5-20

Fourhunderd dollars you dont git him
SS-ss-h! Dont scare him! Hes the grandad!
The scarlet lure
5-30

Lo, the poor Esquimaux

64

"Something"

5-9

Sick 'im, Dan!
Sick 'im! — Sss. s —
Sosh I guess Dan's tired - he must a bin chasin a cat -
Sick 'im! — Sss-s-
I guess they haint seen each other yet.
Ho ho! What a fight!
Watcha waitin for? Why dont you go ahead with the fight?
Sick 'im! Sick 'im! Eat 'im up, Wolf!
Sick im! S. sss sr.
sss - ss —
Aw Wolf, why dont you sick 'im? —
Sizz. ss - ss -!
DWIG

A sporting event

—So I says to her, says I, "now see here, Jen, I dont want to hear one single thing that I darent repeat" says I, "for if they's one thing I cant abide" I says "its spreadin scandal" says I, "but," I says "if you want to make a confident o me", says I, "why, I'll listen onto you". Well! If you knew half o what she told me about that woman !!
Sister Susie
Dominoes
The horse-hair chair——
7-2

Ed-win! Have you got the shade up in the parlor? You pull it down and come right out of that room, now! Do you want the sun to ruin the carpet? The idea!
LUCILE
No man's land.
5-30

Gosh! What 'd you do if yir maw was to find it out!
Dont worry! She's never gonna find it out — I always eat some cloves 'fore I go into the house
Jon
DWH 7-25

— — An after dinner corn silk

Aw, dont be so gosh-durn a stingy, Ed! Lemme try 'em. I wont hurt your ole crutches! Gosh, I aint as heavy as you! You kin lean up agin that tree fir a minnit, cant you? Didn't I let you carry my rifle last week? ——
Give us a try on 'em, Ed. Go on!
Aw, come on fellers. HE wont let you try 'em. HE wouldn't let you do nuthin — Come on. leave the short-skate alone!
You're another!

Commiserating the Wounded

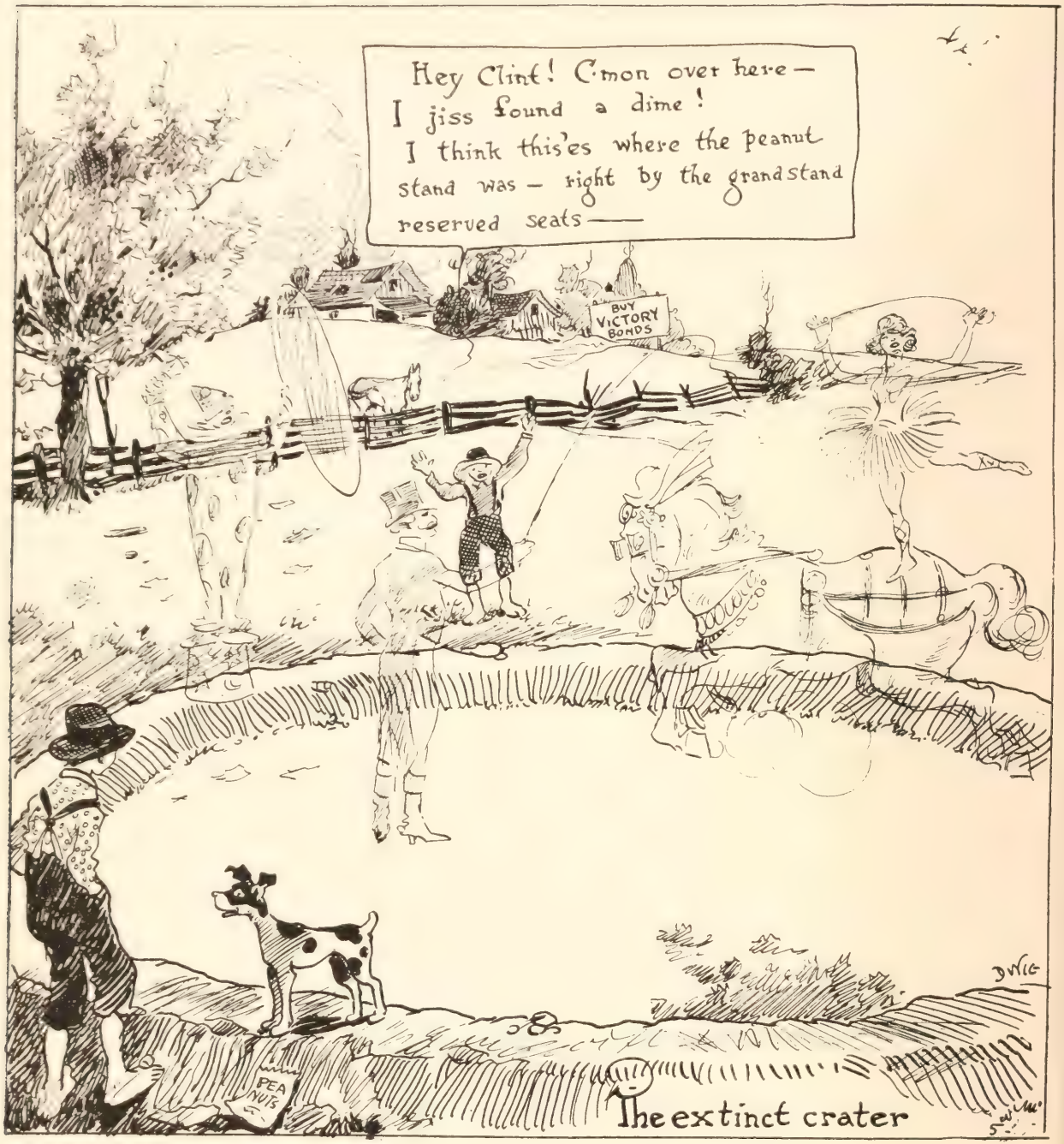
8·5

The house surgeon

My goodness, but the mosquitoes are bad today!
Havin' a good sleep, Kinky?
The Sun glass —

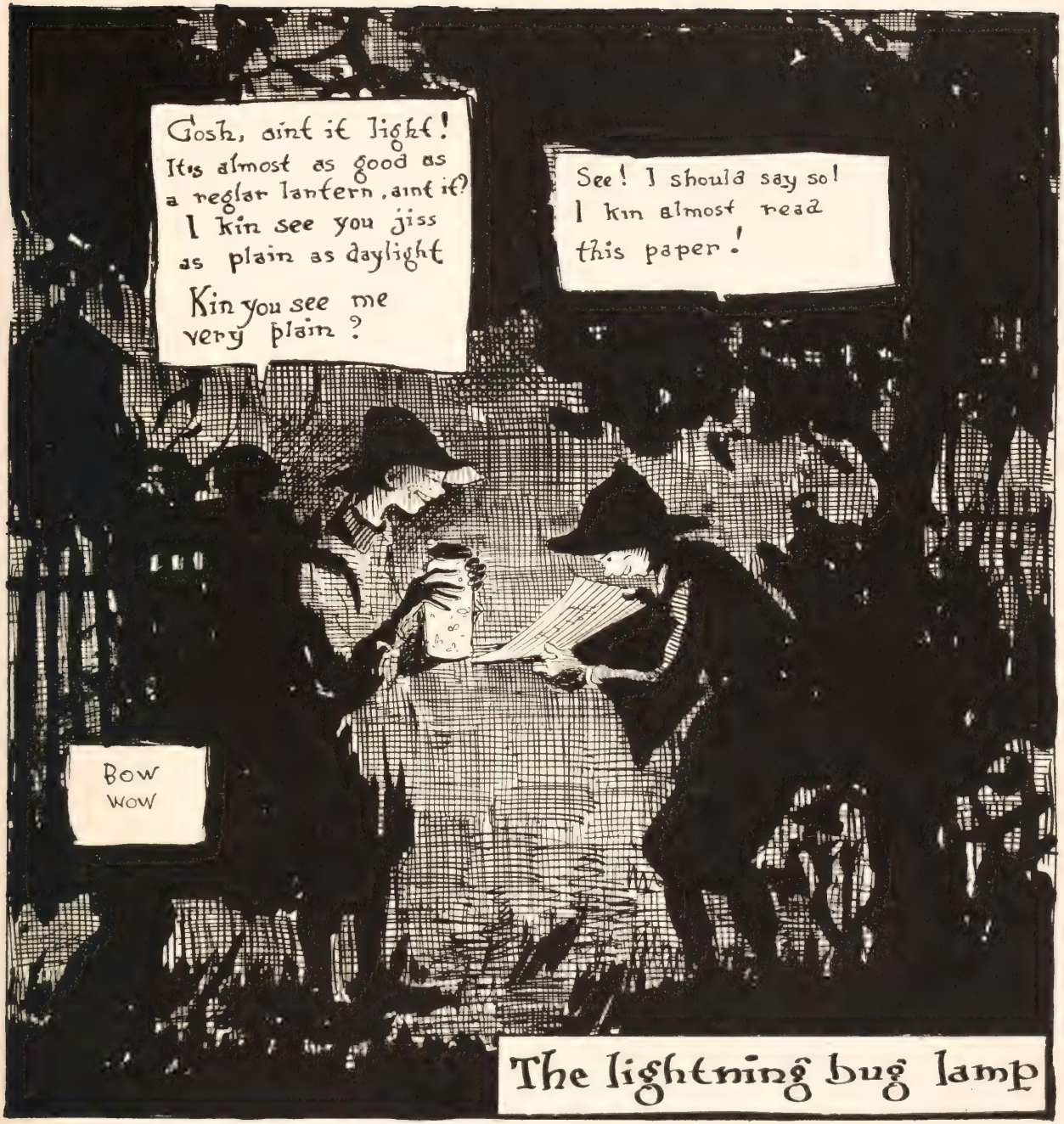
Aye-gosh! Looky at that old beggar! Wow! I betcha I ketch a bass with him, Harry! Aint he a dandy?
Oh boy! Say! Woulaja looky at this old rascal! Here's the grandaddy!
Night crawlers
8-8

Sick 'im, Dan!


Hey Clint! C'mon over here—
I jiss found a dime!
I think this'es where the peanut stand was — right by the grandstand reserved seats——
BUY VICTORY BONDS
PEA NUTS
The extinct crater

Heaven's gate —

Gosh, Dan, haint you glad you aint a boy ?
6-3
A dog's life.


Gosh, aint it light! It's almost as good as a reglar lantern, aint it? I kin see you jiss as plain as daylight Kin you see me very plain?
See! I should say so! I kin almost read this paper!
Bow wow

The lightning bug lamp

How many Lillian Russells will you gimme fir this Pleece Gizette John L ?
What ju say Ed, cut four pages out an' leave one in?
Lillian Russells ? You crazy ? I got thirty seven John Ls — I'll give you a train wreck an' two murderers for him if you'l throw in one o' your Della Foxes.
OHIO STATE AGRICULTURAL SURVEY REPORT 1887
DWIGGINS 7-23
'Scrapbookin'

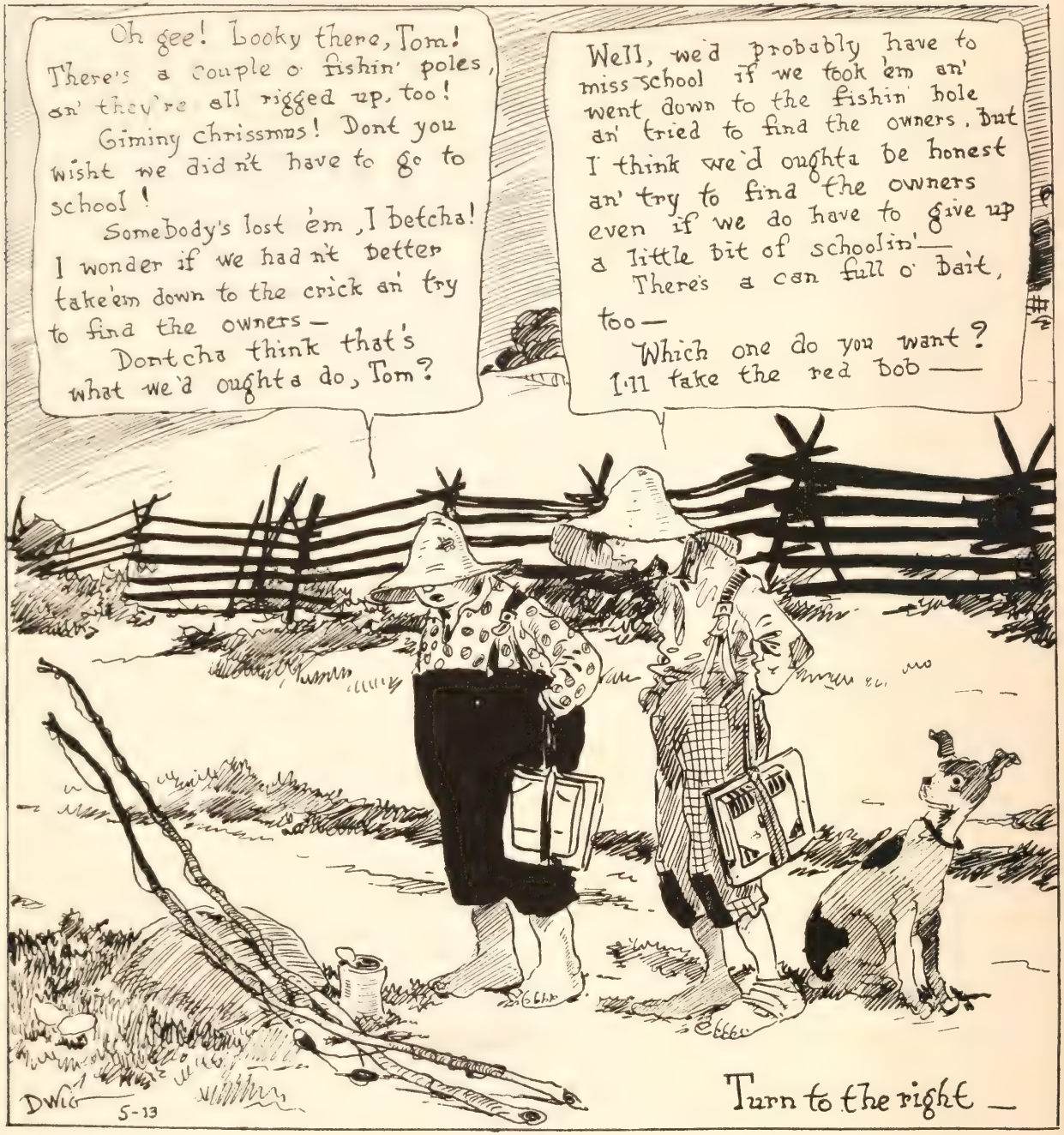
Here's twenty nine gizzards, doctor — Will you show us yin skeleton, please?
Well, boys, I'm purt well splied with pepsin, but I reckon seein's how you've worked so hard c'lectin' em gizzards I moughts well make the deal agin a rush o' sickness. They're only fetchin' two cents apiece now. I need bottles wuss'n I do gizzards ——
We kin git you some bottles, too —
8-29
DWIG

Chicken gizzard linings'

Hey Spoofy!
Come see Kirky wigglin' his ears an' wrinklin up his scalp at the same time!
Yir head looks like a snake runnin thru the grass —
Good gosh! How ju ever learn how to do it, Kirky? Will ya learn me? will ya? You know me!
S-s-siss-s
Big time stuff
5-28

Um-m- gosh! Say, Boy! This Deadwood Dick in Texas is a pippin! Trainrobbery where Deadwood hides in a trunk in the 'spress car an' kills three robbers thru the trunk!
Aw, shut up- dont talk so much - you bother me— Ju read this Nick Carter in Egypt? 'Bout the Pyramids—
'S this new Frank Reade in a combination Submarine, airship automobile an' diggin' machine any good?
Old Sleuth
DWIGGINS

The rainy day club.


Oh gee! Looky there, Tom! There's a couple o' fishin' poles, an' they're all rigged up, too!
Giminy chrissmus! Dont you wisht we did n't have to go to school!
Somebody's lost 'em, I betcha! I wonder if we had n't better take 'em down to the crick an' try to find the owners—
Dontcha think that's what we'd ought a do, Tom?
Well, we'd probably have to miss school if we took 'em an' went down to the fishin' hole an' tried to find the owners. But I think we'd ought a be honest an' try to find the owners even if we do have to give up a little bit of schoolin'—
There's a can full o' bait, too—
Which one do you want? I'll take the red bob——
DWIG 5-13
Turn to the right —

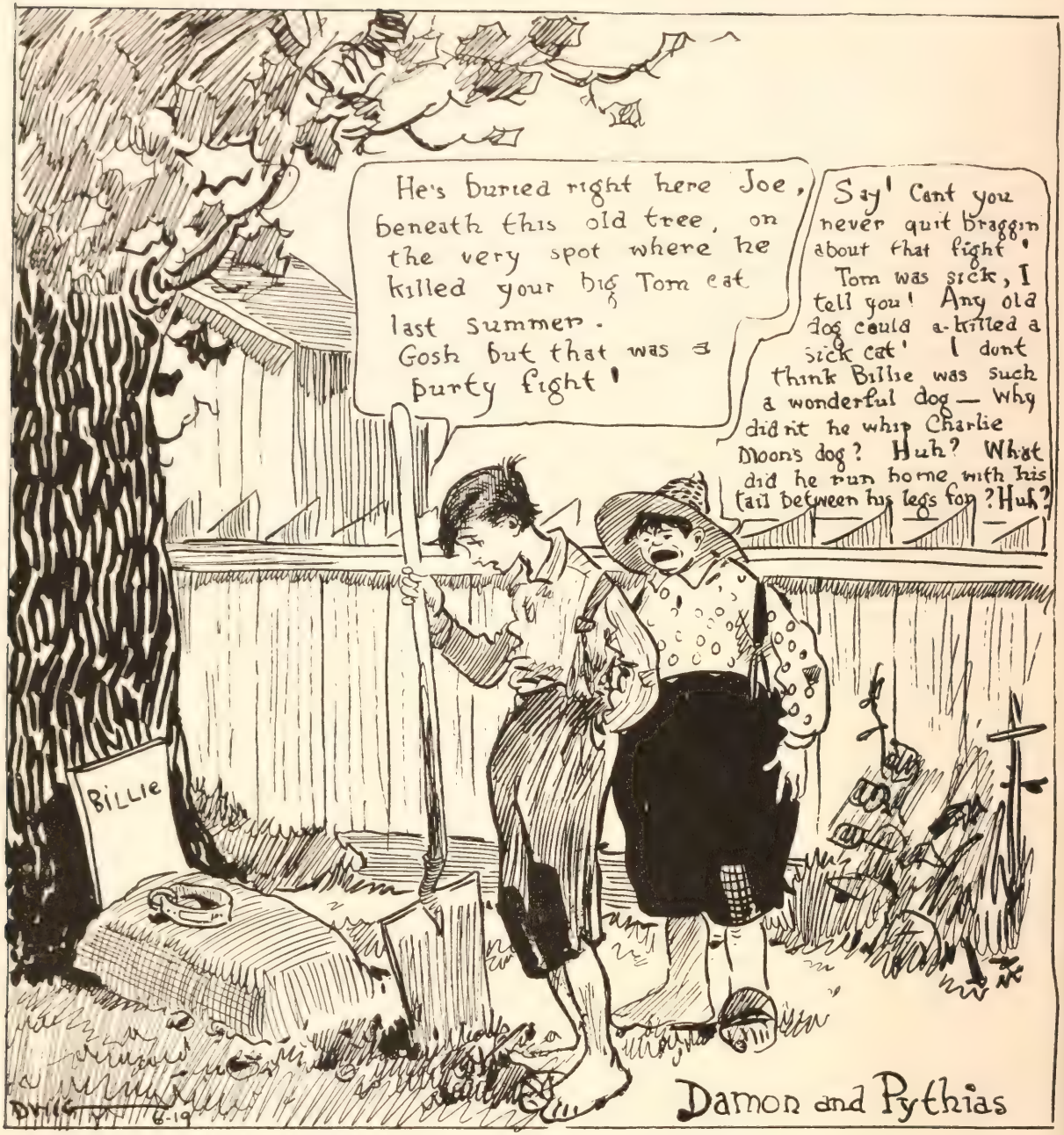
Oh, daddy, just look — look at him!
All those lovely curls!
Oh - you! I could simply shake the very gizzard right out of you!
Monkey! Skinned rabbit!
Imp! — Peeled onion!
Why Dick! Aint you ashamed of your self? Gettin all them there punty curls cut off!
I've a good notion to whale you, Dick —
Fly time

Envy ——

5-10

Aw, whats a-matter with you? Stick yir head in an' look! You cant tell nuthin' by pokin' round with that stick——
Stick yir head in. fraidy!
Mebbe its a wild cat—
I kin feel sumpin' soft a givey——

The lair tree


He's buried right here Joe, beneath this old tree, on the very spot where he killed your big Tom cat last summer. Gosh but that was a purty fight!
Say! Cant you never quit braggin about that fight! Tom was sick, I tell you! Any old dog could a-killed a sick cat! I dont think Billie was such a wonderful dog — Why didn't he whip Charlie Moon's dog? Huh? What did he run home with his tail between his legs for? Huh?
BILLIE
Damon and Pythias

Aint you holdin' yir breath, Tom?
Naw! You dont wanta hold yir breath, you ninny! You jiss lay here, like a fish, restin, or like a chunk o' wood. Cont you see? Gosh, I dont see why you cant do it. Watch me now— Dont do jiss nuthin but lay here an' breathe— see?
If I could only keep my feet up I dont bleeve my head would sink How'd j keep yir head up Tom?
The natatorium

Taint no good I rubbed two bottles on my back an' I couldn't even turn a han spring, let alone bend back an pick up a stick with my teeth'
Ed-dee-ee-ee-e! Oh. ED-dee ee ee' Do you hear me? You march, now!
How do you make it?
Why you fill up a bottle with fishin-worms an set it in the sun till they melt. But it aint as good as eel oil
You gotta be careful now Frank cause you'll act so much like a fishin worm that some bird'll git you
All right! I'm a' comin' as fast as I can, aint I?
Fishin' worm oil

The music lesson -

Lemme flash 'er up in the tree jiss onct, Ed. willya? Go on—
Gosh, dont she show up that ole tree! Git out o' the way, Sandy!
Fi had that ole boy I wouldn't be scared to walk past the vault in the cemetary at midnight—
Say, boy! She's bright as ole 69's headlight!
Keep on! Keep on! I seen ya throw that clod, Bill Woods!
Genuine Burglar's dark lantern

The human race

Purty, aint it?
Um!

Gwan home, Dan!
Gwan home! Doggonnit,
gwan home, sir!
Hurry up,
for gosh sake!
Heaven's
back gate
4-13

Up in the M.E. Belfry

6 26

Gosh all fishhooks! Say, boy!
Um-m-m! That is bad!
Course, Cliffy, I would nt wanta scare you, but that there toe looks just exactly like Brig Youngses done the time he kicked the hat with the brick under it, an it mortified an the nail come off an he got blood poison an they give him medicine an evrything an he had to stay in the house all summer.
Im certainly glad that aint mine!
Whip on bee-hiiind!
The man with the toe
DWIG
4-30

I believe you, Tom. In fact, I'd believe any thing you felt like tellin' — whether it was so or not.
I say he WAS! He was this long— I had him clean out o' the water when he give a big flop an' busted the line! He was SO! Aw- you make me sick!
Ha ha ha! I had a uncle once who almost caught one purt near as big as Tom says this was—
Yes you did! In the pigs eye!
Ps-ss-st! He broke loose, Joe.
This same thing, among dogs, causes hydrophobia—

Red head
ginger bread,
Run home
and go to bed!
Red head –
ginger bread!
He's stuck
on her
DWLF 3-20
Love

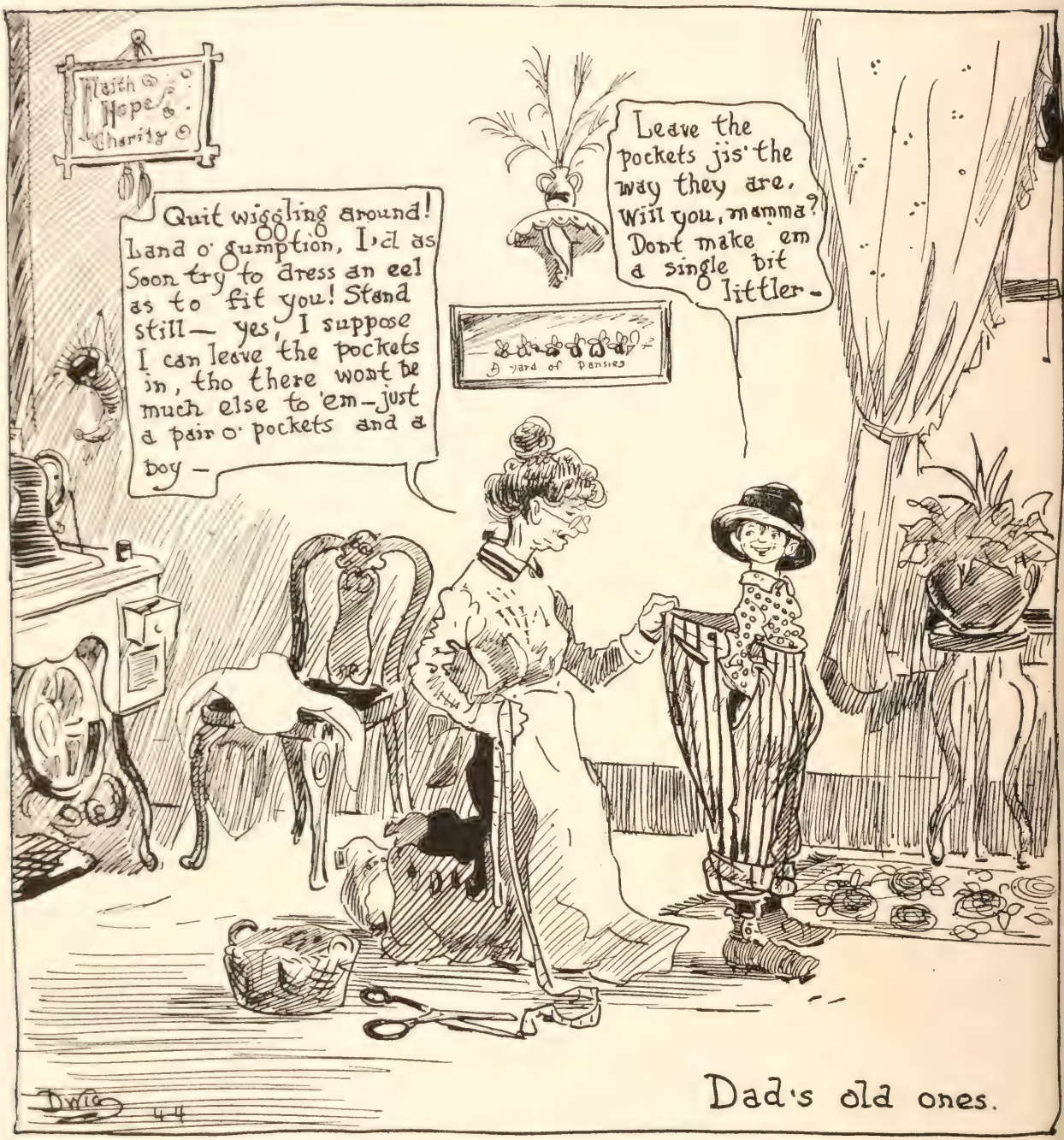
You jiss touch that there string if you wanta die!
Is it any o your bussness whether I pull it out or not? I'm a gonna pull it when I git ready, aint I?
Whatcha spose I gotta string tied to it for unless I'm agonna pull it?
But I aint ready yet — when I get ready, why, I'll jiss pull it.
Is it your tooth? You act like you owned it ——
Aw Bull, lemme up now! Please lemme up Bull - I'm gittin all muddy!
DWIG 3-15

The loose tooth

The electrocution

Oh boy! Looky at my sissors, would you!
Gosh, them two pins looks as if they's made out o one piece.
Flater'n a pancake!
Gosh dumnit all! I cant find my pins — I put em' right here. crossed fir sissors — See if you kin see em—
Look at my cent, willya? Smasht twict as big's she was!
Thinnern paper! You kin bender!
Jewellers

Go on, Harry, gimme jist a taste! I wont drink much; honest, cross my heart an hope I may die 'f I take moren a sup! Gosh, I'm coughin like the dickens! Aw-k-ff awck-ff-whoop— Go on, you know me.—
Aw, come on. Leave the short skate alone! He wouldnt give you a kick in the ear if he was a mule. Stingy! Wait till I git something!
I cant do it, I tell you! They haint enough left now to last me all day an' I gotta take a sip every little while. Golly, this is medicine, this is. This aint no drink— I'm sick of a cough—
Sickem Tige- Sickem- S-s-ss!
Hoarhound coughsyrup

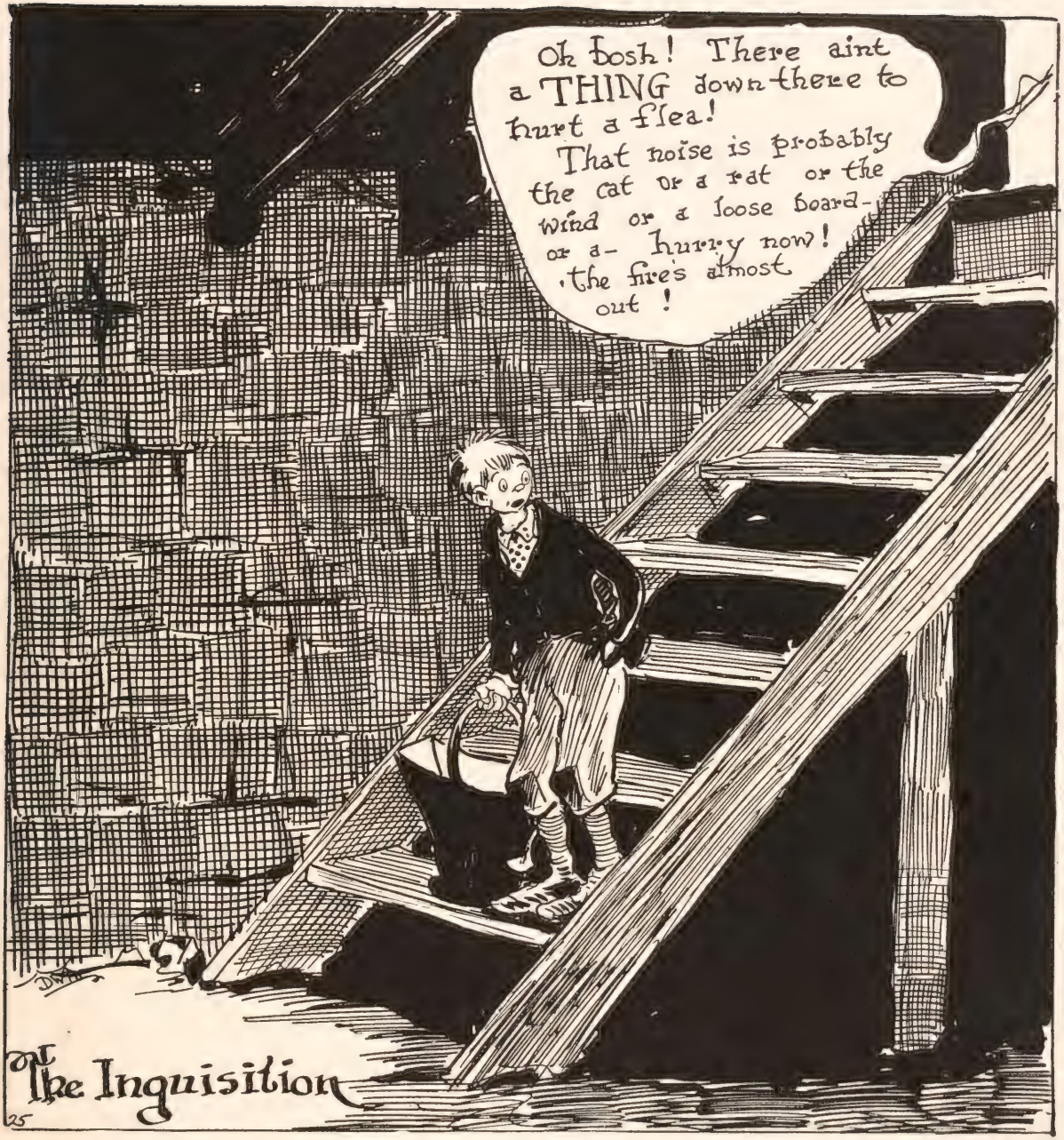

Faith
Hope
Charity
Quit wiggling around! Land o' gumption, I'd as soon try to dress an eel as to fit you! Stand still— yes, I suppose I can leave the pockets in, tho there wont be much else to 'em—just a pair o' pockets and a boy—
Leave the pockets jis' the way they are. Will you, mamma? Dont make em a single bit littler—
A yard of pansies
Dad's old ones.
Dwig 44

— an please dont let her find that there busted flower pot, an if she does find it please dont let her lick me fir bustin it.
I guess that's all. Amen.
Now I lay me down to worry

Squirrel and nut time

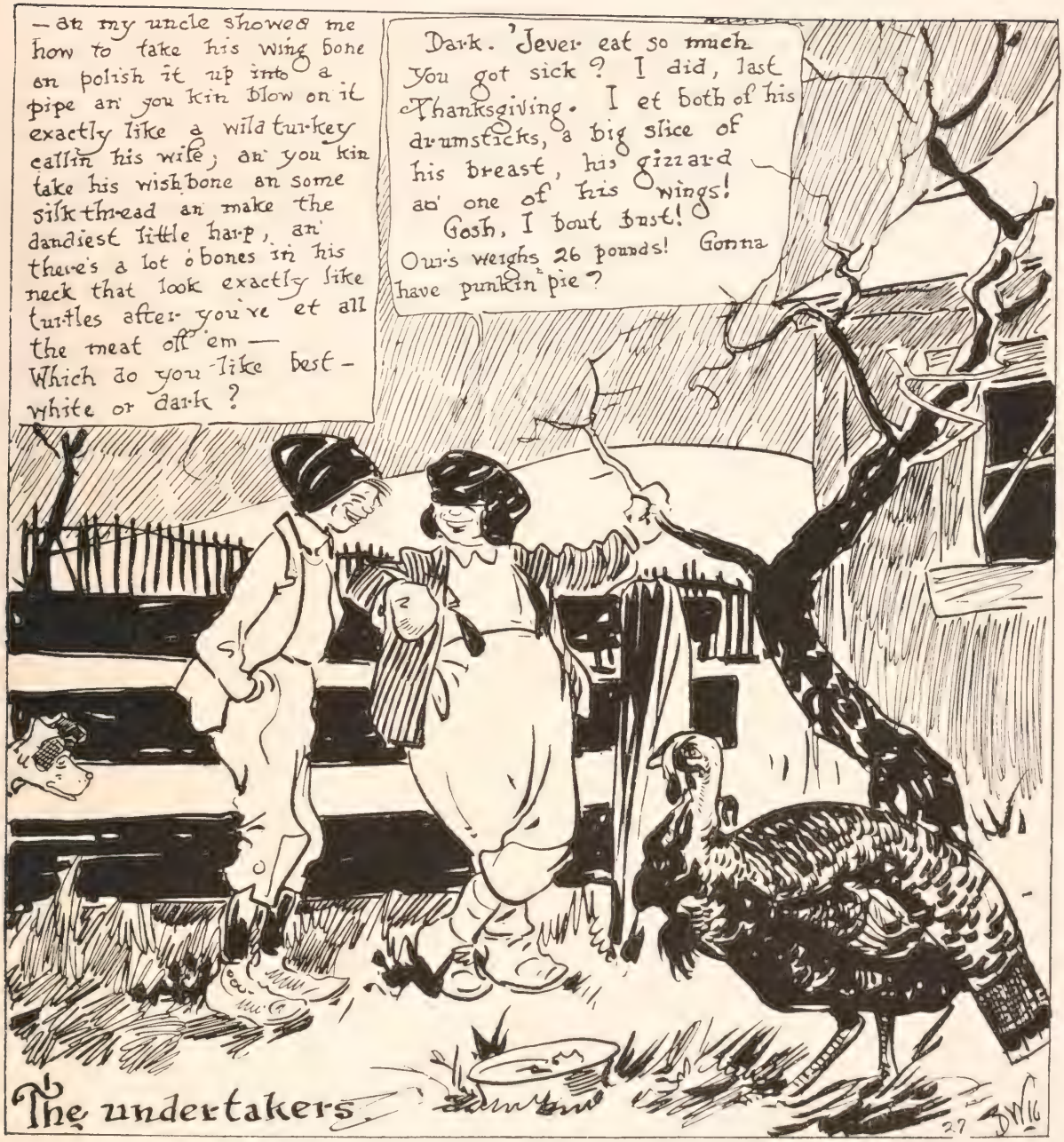
Hurry up, Joe, before she fades out!
She's right on the ola walnut tree!
I betcha its pirates' treasure!
Come on! —
Its this side ó the walnut, Tom!
Its right on them elderberries —
I'm a-gonna dig there!
faith—
D.W.G.

— dew hurry down, Wilbur!
The first bell's rang and
the pancakes will all be cold -
When the tin is
off the shoestring —


Oh bosh! There aint a THING down there to hurt a flea!
That noise is probably the cat or a rat or the wind or a loose board- or a- hurry now! the fire's almost out!

of the Inquisition

Gosh, aint you, Sorry Summers gone ?
You bet! — Cept you coulant shate nir snowball
—Jiss like wadin in water, aint it ?
The Dead Sea
21


—an my uncle showed me how to take his wing bone an polish it up into a pipe an' you kin blow on it exactly like a wild turkey callin his wife; an' you kin take his wishbone an some silk thread an make the dandiest little harp, an' there's a lot o' bones in his neck that look exactly like turtles after you've et all the meat off 'em — Which do you like best — white or dark?
Dark. 'Jever eat so much you got sick? I did, last Thanksgiving. I et both of his drumsticks, a big slice of his breast, his gizzard an' one of his wings! Gosh, I bout bust! Our's weighs 26 pounds! Gonna have punkin pie?
The undertakers
27
DWG

If you boys dont settle down now I'll come up there after you with a cornstalk——You hear?
Look out, here comes a header! Git out tha way!
ZOWIE!
DWIG
17

The feather natatorium

The night the picture cord broke

Building his own gallows

I dont care if it IS the best slide in town! Its dangerous to both life an' limb, an' I aint a-gonna hev no death trap on my sidewalk — You boys'll hev to hunt up some other place to try to kill yourselves on.
Why dont you go down to Gallup's sawmill an' set on the buzz saw — My land! Abody has hard enough walkin on the pesky snow without polishin' it all up —
Lady Bountiful
1-16
Dr16

Soak him!
-an the next time I ketch you pickin on Herman I'll jiss matcherly pulverize you!
Less see you cut a star, Ed!
Come on down! Shes like glass!
BROWN BRO
GO
LINTONS
The Country Club
1-24
DWIG

Great Scott! Gee-mi-nent-ly!
Oh BOY! Say! If you fellers only could see what I can see!
Look at that, would you! Say!
Well, who'd a bleeved it?
Kin ya see any people on it?
Aw Tom! Hurry up! Give us a look! Go on - Aw you know me Tom
DWIG

The Soap-coupon telescope

He wrote sumpin about you down on first bridge, too, Bull— I seen him do it
Paste him one, Bull.
Aw, Bull. I drawed it just as a joke — just in fun. Cant you take a little joke? Gosh, I didnt think you'd git mad at a little thing like that, Bull.
Did I git mad yesterday when you throwed me down an' rubbed my head with yir knuckles?
Course if you dont see the joke, why, I kin rub it off —
BULL TAYLOR
fools names as well as always seen in publik place
FRANK KIRK
EARLE MOORE
HARRY WILSON
ALF BLOOMINGDALE
fug house
EH
DWIGG
The cartoonist
4-11

Gwan! Touch it with yir tongue! It wont hurt you. Its sweet — cold weather always makes a grindstone sweet — It tastes like maple syrup- dont it, Simpy? Gwan! Taste it —
No you dont! Not me! You're too anxious — There's a joke about it — What does it do to you? Huh? Is it bitter?
Go on — taste it, Shorty. Its just a little sticky in cold weather — Thats all
Its kind o like red-hot, froze mucilage. with some pepper in salt on it

The long, long trail

Beethoven

When the lamp
blows out.

5752 X
2

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